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T H E
H I S T O R Y
A N D
Comical Transactions
O F
L O T H I A N T O M,
I N S I X P A R T S.

Wherein is contained a Collection of Roguish Ex-
ploits done by him, both in Scotland and England.



*K
Black (17)*

E D I N B U R G H:
Printed and Sold in Niddry's Wynd.

THE

HISTORY

OF

CONSTITUTIONAL

OF

THE UNITED STATES

IN 1787



OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES



OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

THE Life and Comical Transactions of

LOTHIAN TOM.

THIS Thomas Black, vulgarly called Lothian Tom, because of that country, was born four miles from Edinburgh, his father being a very wealthy farmer, who gave him good education, which he was very awkward in receiving, being a very wild cross, mischievous boy.

When he was about ten years of age, he was almost killed by the stroke of a horse's foot, which his father had; who had a trick of kicking at every person that came in behind him. But when Tom was got heal of the dreadful wound, whereof many thought he would have died. To be even with the horse, he gets a clog, or piece of tree, which was full of wooden pins; a thing which the shoemakers used to tann their leather upon; and with a rope, he tied it to the cupple balk in the stable, directly opposite to the horse's tail, got up on the balk, and gives it a swing back, so that the pikes in the end of it, came with a full drive against the horse's arse; which made him to fling, and the more he flung and struck at it, it rebounded back again and struck him; the battle lasted with great fury for a long time, which was good diversion for Tom, until his father hearing some disturbance in the stable, came in to know the matter, and was surprised when he saw the poor horse tanning his own hide, with his legs all cut and bloody, with kicking against the pikes of the tanners stool; so he cut the rope and the battle was ended, but the poor horse would never kick at any thing that came behind him afterwards but, always run from it.

It happened one day that Tom went a fishing and brought home a few small fish, which his grand mother's cat snapt up in the dark; so Tom to have justice of the cat for so doing, catches her, and put her into a little tub or cogboin, then sets her a drift into the mill dam, ordering her to go a fishing for herself; then sets two or three dogs upon her, where a most terrible sea fight ensued, as ever was seen in fresh water; for if any of the dogs, essayed to board her, by setting in over their nose, badrens came flying to that quarter to repulse him with her claws; that her vessel was like to overset by the weight of herself, that she had to flee to the other and finding the same there, from thence to the middle, where she sat mewling always turning herself about, combing her nose with her foot. The old woman being informed of the dangerous situation of her dearly beloved cat, came running with a long pole to beat off the dogs and haul her ashore: What now, says Tom, if you be going to take part with my enemies, you shall have part of their reward: then gives the old woman such a push that she tumbled into the dam, over head and ears beside her beloved cat, and would there undoubtedly have perished in the water, had not one of the people who were there looking at the diversion, com'd to her relief.

After this Tom was sent to the school to keep his hand out of an ill turn; and having an old canker'd crab witted fellow for his dominie, they were always at variance, for if Tom had got his whips, which he often deserved, he was sure to be revenged upon his master again for it. So Tom perceiving his master had a close stool in a little closet within the school, where he went and eased himself, when need was: Tom gets a penny worth of gun powder, and strinkled it on the ground directly before the seat, and lays a little of it along in a train to the fire side, then perceiving when his master went to it, and as he was losing down his breeches, set fire to the train which

blew it all up about his master's bare hips, which scorched him most terribly, besides the fright; for which Tom was severely whipt, yet in a little after he began to study revenge on his master.

So it happened one day as Tom went into the master's house, the wife was stooping into a big meal barrel to bring out some meal; there he takes her by the feet and coups her up into the barrel with her head down, and her bare back side uppermost, then runs into the school, crying, "O! master, master! the de'il's looking out of your meal stand, wi' a fat face, and a black ill far'd mouth: Yon's just auld nick, and he be living." At this time the master run with all speed he could to see what it was, and found it to be his own wife, speechless, and almost smothered to death; but as she could not tell who did it; Tom got clear off, yet he was not satisfied without some more vengeance on the old fellow, and knowing his master had a fashion when he was going to whip the boys, if they would not lose their breeches willingly, he drew his knife and cut them thro' the waistband behind: So Tom goes to a butcher and gets a raw pudding, and fills it with blood and water and puts it in wi' him the waistband of his breeches; then goes to the school next day and as the master was sitting with his back towards the fire, Tom lights a piece of paper and sets his wig in a low which burnt for some time, unperceived, until the flame came fizzing about his ears, he first put out the wig by trampling it upon the ground with his feet, and being informed that Tom did it, flies to him in a rage ordering him to loose his breeches, but Tom told him he was never so mad: Then he drew his knife and whips poor Tom over his knee, and with great kicking and struggling cuts the waistband of his breeches through pudding and all, so that the blood gushed out, and Tom cried murder, murder and down he fell. The poor dominie went out of the door crying, wringing his hands. Weid flew about

that Tom was flicked by the dominie, which made the people come running from several parts of the country round about to see how it was ; but searching for the wound, found none but the empty pudding. Tom came running home all besmeared with blood, at the sight whereof his father cry'd, what's the matter Tom ? To which he made no answer ; searching him, this trick was discovered and poor Tom received a severe chastisement : Tom to be revenged on his father, rose in the night time and broke the fold and let out the cattle amongst his father's corn, and goes to bed again, this he did unperceived. Next morning the neighbours observed the cattle lying amongst the corn, and came running and told his father how they had destroyed all his victual, for they had eat till they were like to burst. All the time Tom lay in his bed, and his father much vexed at his laziness, told him that he should never have the benefit of more schooling, as his master had made so many grievous complaints against him ; at which Tom rejoiced within himself, as he did not value learning nor put it in ballance with his designed tricks ; Tom then scampered away and meeting with an egg cadger coming to Edinburgh, desired him to alight from his horse and he would give him a dram at the Fallow kirk, at which the poor man was glad, and went in with him ; Tom called for two drams and made the cadger drink hearty ; in the mean time Tom slips out and mounts the cadgers horse and puts a foot in each creel, and made the eggs all caddle, and then dismounts and ran : so that the poor cadger lost his eggs, and had the drams to pay.

Tom was always playing tricks to his grand-mother, as he knew she was rich and would part with nothing to him ; he lays wait one night and conceals himself in a corner untill all was at rest, Tom rises and takes the keys of a drawer and slips out about forty shillings, and slips off to Dalkeith on a Thurs-

day, where his grand-mother's servant girl came that day; Tom was spending largely and the girl who knew that Tom had no money, came home and told his grand-mother that Tom had taken away her money, this so enraged him, that he lashed her buttocks with his whip in so unmerciful a manner, that with the smart and shame together, she had not the least inclination to sleep for the remaining part of the day.

Tom being grown up to the years and age of a man, thought himself more wise and slyer than his father; and there was several things about the house he liked better then to work; so he turned to be a dealer amongst the brutes, a couper of horses and cows &c. and even wet ware amongst brewers and brandy shops; until he couped himself to the toom-halter; and then his parents would supply him no more. he knew well his grandmother had plenty of money, but she would give him none: but the old woman had a good black cow of her own, which Tom went to the fields one evening and catches and takes her into an old waste house, which stood at a distance from any other, and there he kept her two or three days, giving her meat and drink, when it was dark at night, and made the old woman believed somebody had stole the cow for their winter mart, which was grief enough to the old woman, for the loss of her dearly beloved cow. However, she employs Tom to go to the fair that was near by, to buy her another gives him three pound, which Tom accepts very thankfully, and promised to buy one as like the other as possible he could get; then he gets a piece of chalk and brays it as small as meal, and steeps it in a little water, and therewith rubs over the cows face and back, which made her both brocket and rigget; So Tom in the morning takes the cow to a public house, within a little of the fair, and there left her till the fair was over, and then drives her home before him; and as soon as they came home, the cow

began to rout as she used to do, which made the old woman to rejoice, thinking it was her own black cow ; but when she saw her white face, sighed and said, " alas ! thou'lt never be like the kindly brute my black lady, and yet routs as like her as any I ever did hear : " but Tom says to himself, the mercy is you know not ; in two or three days the old woman put forth her bra' rigget cow in the morning with the rest of the neighbours cattle, but it came on a fore day of heavy rain, which washed away all the white from her face and back ; so the old woman's black lady came home at night and her rigget cow went away with the shower and was never heard of. But Tom's father having some suspicion and looking narrowly into the cow's face, found some of the chalk not washed away ; and then he gave poor Tom a hearty beating, and sent him away to seek his fortune with a skinful of fore bones.

P A R T III.

TOM being turned to his shifts, considers with himself how to raise a little more money, gets a long string as near as he could guess to be the length of his mother ; and into Edinburgh he goes, to a wright who was acquainted with his father and mother ; the wright asking him how he did ? he answered him very soberly, for he had lost a good dutiful mother last night, and there's a measure of her coffin Tom went out and staid for sometime, and then comes in again, and tells the wright he did not know what to do, for his father had ordered him to get money from such a man which he named, and he was that day gone out of town ; the wright asked him how much he wanted ? to which he answered, a guinea and a half might do, or thirty shillings at the least ; so he gave him the guinea and the half ; then Tom gave him strick charge to be out on the morning against eleven o'clock with the coffin, and

he should have his money altogether. Tom set out for the alehouse with the money, and lived well while it lasted. Next morning the wright and his two lads goes out with the coffin; and as they were going in to the house, Tom's mother was standing at the door, asked the master how he did, and where he was going with that fine coffin? he did not know well what to say, being so surpris'd to see her alive? but at last he told her that it was made designedly for her, and that her son brought in the measure the day before, and had got a guinea and a half from me which he said was to buy some other necessaries for the funeral, O the rogue! said she has play'd me that; so the wright got his guinea and a half and so much for his trouble, and had to take back his coffin with him again.

Tom being now short of money again began to think how he would raise a fresh supply; so he went to the port amongst the shearers and there hires about thirty of them. and agrees to give them a whole weeks shearing at tenpence a day, which was twopence higher then any had got that year,; this made the poor shearers think he was an honest generous gentle master as ever they had got, for he took them all into an alehouse; and gave them a hearty breakfast, till they could eat no more, Now says he, when there are so many of you together, perhaps from different parts, and unacquainted with one another, I do not know but there may be some of you honest men and some of you rogues, and you are all to lie in one barn together, any of you who has got any moeny you'll be safest to give it to me and I'll mark it down in my book with your names and what I receive from each of you, you shall have it all again on Saturday's night when you get your wages. O! very well good man take mine take mine, every one cried faster then another; some gave him five, six, seven and eight shillings even all they had earned through the harvest which amounted to near seven

pounds sterling, having got all their money, he goes on with them, till about three miles out of the town, and coming to a great field of corn tho' something green, yet convenient for his purpose, as it lay some distance from any house or person, so he made them begin there, telling them he was going to order dinner for them, and send his own servants to join them, away he goes with all the speed he could, but takes another road into the town, least they should follow and catch him. Now when the people to whom the corn belonged saw such a band in their field, they could not understand the meaning of it, but the goodman whose corn it was, went off crying always as he run, to stop, but they would not, until he began to strick at them, and they at him he being in a great passion as the corn was not fully ripe; at last, by force of argument and other peoples coming up to the poor shearers, were convinced they had gotten the bite, which made them to go away lamenting their misfortune.

In two or three days thereafter as Tom was going down the Canongate, he meets one of his shearers, who knew him, and kept fast by him, demanding his money and satisfaction for all the rest; whilst, whilst, says Tom, and you'll get yours and something else beside, So Tom takes him into the jail, and calls for a bottle of ale & a dram, then takes the jailor aside as if he had been going to borrow the money from him; and says to the jailor this man is a great thief, I and two others, have been in search of him these three days and the other two men have the warrant with them, so if you'll keep him here till I run and bring them, you shall have a guinea in reward: yes said the jailor go, and I'll fix the rogue for you, Tom gets clear out, leaving the innocent fellow and the jailor struggling together, and then off for England directly.

PART IV.

TOM having now left his own native country, went into the country of Northumberland, where he hired himself with an old miser of a farmer and here he continued several years performing the duty in his service very well though sometimes playing a roguish trick to those about him: his master had a very naughty custom that he would allow them no candle at night to see with when at supper; Tom one night sets himself next to his master and as they were all about to fall on, Tom puts his spoon into the midst of the dish where the crowdie was hottest and claps a spoonful into his masters mouth: a pox upon you for a rogue, cried his master, for my mouth is all burnt; a pox on you for a master, says Tom for you keep a house as dark as Purgatory, for I was going to my own mouth with that soup and mist the way it being so dark, dont think master that I am such a big fool as to feed you, while I have a mouth of my own. So from that night that Tom burnt his master's mouth with the hot crowdie, they always got a candle to shew them light to supper, for his master would feed no more in the dark while Tom was present.

There was a servant girl in the house, who always when she made the beds neglected to make Tom's, and would have him to do it himself, well then says Tom, I have harder work to do and I shall do that too, so next day when Tom was in the field at the plough, when he saw his master coming from the house towards him, he then left the horses and the plough standing in the field, and goes away towards his master, who cried, what is wrong or is any thing broke with you? No, no, says Tom but I am going home to make my bed, it has not been made these two weeks, and just now is about the time the maid makes all the rest, so I'll go home and make mine

too No, no, sirrah go back to your plough, and I'll caulk it be made every night for you, then says Tom I'll plough two or three furrows more in the time.

There was a butcher came to his master's and bought a fine fat calf, so Tom laid it on the horse's neck before the butcher, and when he was gone, now says Tom, what will you hold master, but I'll steal that calf from the butcher before he goes two miles off? Why says his master, I'll hold a guinea you don't; done, says Tom, in he goes, and gets a good shoe of his master's and runs off another way cross the fields until he got before the butcher near to a hedge, where there was an open and turning of the way, here Tom turns himself behind the hedge, and throws the shoe in the middle of the highway, then up comes the butcher riding and his calf before him; then said he to himself, there's a good shoe, if I knew how to get on my calf again I would alight for it, but what signifies one without its neighbour? so off he goes and lets it lye; Tom then slips out and takes the shoe up again, and runs across the fields until he got in before the butcher at another part of the hedge, about half a mile distant, and there he throws the shoe out again on the midst of the way; then up comes the butcher, and seeing it, says to himself now I shall have a pair of good shoes for the lifting: and down he comes, lays the calf on the ground, and tying his horse to the hedge, runs back thinking to get the other shoe: in which time, Tom whips up the calf and shoe and home he comes demanding his wager which his master could not deny, being so fairly won.

The poor butcher returned back to his horse got only his travel for his pains, so missing his calf, he knew not what to say or do, but thinking it had broke the drupe from about its feet, and had run into the fields, the butcher spent that day in search of it amongst the hedges and ditches, and so returned to Tom's master's all night, intending to go and search

farther for it next day, giving them a tedious relation how he came to lose it by a curs'd pair of shoes, which he believed the devil had dropt in his way, and now he had taken the calf and all along with him, expressing his thankfullness that the devil had been so honest as to spare his old horse, when he stole away his calf. Next morning Tom went to work and makes a fine white face on the calf with chalk and water, then brings it out and sold it to the butcher, which was good diversion to his master and other servants, to see the butcher buy his own calf again, no sooner was he gone with it, but Tom says, now master what will you hold but I'll steal it from him again, or he goes two miles off? No, no, says his master, I'll hold no more beats with you, but I'll give you a shilling if you do it. done says Tom, it shall cost you no more: and away he runs a foot through the fields, until he came in before the butcher, hard by the place whers he stoll the calf the day before; and there he lyes behind the hedge, and as the butcher came past, he puts his hand on his mouth and cries, Baw, baw, like a calf; the butcher hearing this, swears to himself, that there was the calf he had lost the day before, down he comes and throws the calf he had on the ground, gets in through the hedge in all haste, thinking he had no more to do but pick it up; but as he came in at one part of the hedge, Tom louns out at another, and gets the calf on his back, then gets in over the hedge on the other side, and through the fields he came safely home with the calf on his back; while the poor butcher spent his time and labour in vain, running from hedge to hedge, and from hole to hole. seeking what was not there to be found. So the butcher returned to his horse again, and finding his other calf gone, he concluded it to be done by some invisible spirit there about that spot of ground; and so went home and raised a bad report on the devil, and saying he was turned a highway-man, and had taken two calves

from him. So Tom washing white face off the stolen calf his master sent for the butcher to come and buy another calf, which he accordingly did a few days after, and Tom sold him the same calf a third time: then told him the whole affair as it was acted giving him his money again, so the butcher got but fun for all his fuddles.

P A R T V.

THERE was an old rich blind widow, who lived hard by, that had a young girl her only daughter, and she fell deep in love with Tom, and Tom fell us deep in love with the money, but not with the maid: the old woman bestowed a vast of presents on Tom, and mounted him like a gentleman, but still he put off the marriage from time to time, and always wanted something, which the old woman gave the money to purchase for him, until he had got about thirty pounds of her money and then she would delay the marriage no longer, Tom went and took the old woman and girl aside, and made his apology as follows. Dear mother, said he I am very willing to wed with my dear Polly, for she appears an angel in mine, eyes but I am sorry very sorry to acquaint you that I am not a match for her: what child, says the old woman, there's not a fitter match in the world for my Polly. I did not think your country could afford such a clever youth as what I hear of to be, you shall neither want gold nor silver, and a good horse to ride upon, and when I die you shall have my all: O but says Tom, that's no the matter at all, the stop is this, when I was at home in Scotland, I got a stroke with a horses foot on the bottom of my belly, which has quite disabled me below that I cannot perform a husbands duty in bed, Then the old woman clapt her hands, and fell a crying. O if he had any impediment but that, but that, but that woeful that! which gold and silver cannot purchase

and yet the poorest people that is common beggars have plenty of it. The old woman and her daughter sat crying and wringing their hands, and Tom stood and wept lest he should get no more money, O says Polly, mother I'll wed him nevertheless, I love him so dearly? No, no, you foolish girl, would you throw yourself away to marry a man and die a maid, and don't know the end of your creation, it is the enjoyment of a man in bed, that makes women to marry, which is a pleasure like a paradise, and if you wed with this man you'll live and die and never know it. Hoo, Hoo, says Tom, if I had got money, I needed not be this way till now; money you fool, says the old woman, there is not such a thing to be got for money in all England; ay says Tom there's a doctor in Newcastle will make me as able as any other man for ten guineas; ten guineas, said she, I'll give him fifty if he will, but here is twelve, and go to him directly and know first what he can do, and come again and wed my child, or she and I will die both for thy sake. Tom having now got twelve guineas more of their money, got all thing ready, and next morning early, sets out for Newcastle, but instead of going to Newcastle, he came to Scotland and left Polly and her mother to think upon him, then in about two weeks after, when he was not like to return, no nor so much as a word from him: the old woman and Polly got a horse, and came to Newcastle in search of him, went through all the doctors shops, asking if there came a young man there about two weeks ago with a broken cock to mend; some laught at her others were like to kick her out of doors, so the old woman had to return without getting any farther intelligence of Tom.

Now after Tom's return to Scotland, he got a wife and took a little farm near Dalkeith, and became a very douse man for many years, followed feeding of veals for slaughter, and the like: He went one day to a fair and bought a fine cow from

an old woman, but Tom judged by the lowness of the price that cow had certainly some fault; Tom gives the wife the other hearty bicker of good ale, then says he, wife the money's your's and the cow's mine, ye must tell me ony wi' bit of faults it she has. Indeed quoth the goodman, she has nae a fault but ane, and in she had wanted it, I wad never a parted with her; and what's that goodwife said he? Indeed said she, the filthy daft beast sucks ay hersel, hute, says Tom, if that be all I'll soon cure her of that, O can you do't said she, if I had kend what wad a done it, ye had nae gotten her. A well says Tom, I'll tell you what to do, take the cows price I give you just now and tye it hard and fast in your napkin and give it to me to throw beneath the cow's wame and I'll give you the napkin again over the cow's back, and I'll lay my life for it that she'll never suck herself in my aught: a wat well, said she I'll do that an they sud be witchcraft in't, so Tom no sooner got it throw below the cow's wame than he looses out his money and puts it in his pocket, and gave the wife again her napkin over the cow's back, according as he told her, saying now wife you have your cow and I my money and she'll never suck herself in my aught, as I to'd you. O dole, cry'd the wife is that your cure ye have cheated me, ye have cheated me,

The Last N U M B E R.

Which contains a Dialogue betwixt
Tom and Pady about their Questions
and Tom's Song.

P A R T. VI.

TOM being very scant of money at a time when his rent was to pay, and though he was well acquainted with the butchers in Edinburgh, he tried severals of them, yet none of them would lend him as much, he was known to be such a noted sharper, Tom thinks with himself that he'll give them all a bite in general who had refused him : So in he comes next day (and all of them had heard of a fine fat calf he had feeding) comes to one of the butchers and tells him he was going to sell the fat calf he had at home : Well, says the butcher, and what will ye have for it ? just five and thirty shillings, says Tom. No, says the butcher, by what I hear of it, I'll give you thirty. Na, na, says Tom, you must remember that is not the price of it, but give me twenty shillings just now, and send out your lad the morrow, and we'll perhaps agree about it. Thus Tom went thro, ten of them in one day, and got twenty shillings from each of them, and kept his speech against the law for whatever they offered him for his calf, told them to remember that was not to be the price of it, but give me twenty shillings just now, and send your lad on the morrow morning, and perhaps we'll agree was all that passed. So Tom came home with his ten pound and payed his rent ; and early next morning one of the butchers sent out his lad to Lothian Tom's for a calf, and as he was about a mile from the town,

went to an ale house door, and calls for a bicker of ale, and as he was drinking it, up comes another butcher's lad on the same errand, he being called by the first to come and drink, which caused another bicker : then came other two on the same errand ; again six more, which made out the ten : and every one told he was going to Lothian Tom's for a calf, which made them think Tom had gathered together all the calves in that country side : So up they came to Tom's house, and every one called for his calf, and his calf ; and Tom had but one calf to serve them all, which he took out and shews them. Now, says he, whoever gives most for it shall have it, or I'll put it to a roup. What said they, our masters bought it yesterday. Then says Tom, you would be fools to buy it to day, for it is heavy to carry and fashious to lead, you must all go home without it ; next day Tom got ten summonses to answer at the instance of the butchers for selling his calf and not delivering it. Tom then goes to Edinburgh, gets the best lawyer in town for that purpose, tells him the whole of what past from first to last. Then said the lawyer, as they cannot prove a bargain, and deny the paying of the money again, if you'll give me the calf, I'll bring you off ; but remember in law there is no point like that of denial. The calf, says Tom, you'll not want the calf, and a stone of butter to make it ready with. Then the lawyer goes to the court, where Tom is called upon ; his lawyer answers first, who asked the butchers, if they could tell the price of the calf, or prove the bargain ? they answered, no ; but he ordered us to send out our lads and we would agree about it : Gree about it said the judges ! why do you come to sue for a bargain and to agree about it ; Ay, but said they, we want twenty shillings a piece from him of the money we gave him. Tom is called out, then said the judge, did you borrow twenty shillings of any of these men ? Not I my Lord, I came indeed asking the loan of money from them but they

would lend me none; and then I came next day beggar ways, and they were so generous as to give twenty shillings a piece: But said the judge, were not you to give it back again; I never promised, nor never intended at all, my Lord; for what is given to thee poor is given gratis, and I appeal to this whole court, that whatever pence any of you has given to the poor, that you look not for any of it back again. Then Tom was freed at the bar and the butchers lost, and laughed at.

After the court, Tom and the lawyer had a hearty bottle; and at parting the lawyer said, now mind Tom, and send me the calf to morrow; O yes, says Tom, but you must first send me out forty shillings for it. What, says the lawyer, did not you promise me it and a stone of butter to make it ready with, for gaining your plea? But, says Tom, did not you tell me the only point of the law was to deny? and you cannot prove it; so I'll sell my calf to them that will give most for it; and if you have learned me law, I have learned you roguery to your experience; so take this as a reward for helping me to cheat the butchers: And I think I'm even now with you both. This was all the lawyer got of Tom.

PADY'S NEW CATECHISM.

Tom. **O**F all opinions professed of religion, tell me now Pady, of what profession art thou?

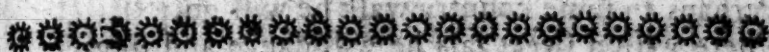
Pady. Arra dear shoy, my religion was too weighty a matter to carry out of my own country, I was afraid that you English presbyterians should pluck it away from me. T. What Pady, was your religion such a load that you could not carry it along with you? P Yes, that it was, but I carried, it always about with me when at home, my sweet cross upon my dear breast, bound to my blest button hole. T. And what manner of worship did you perform by

that? P. Why I adore my cross the pope and the priest, and curses Oliver as black as a crow, and swore myself a cut throat against all protestant and English kirkmen. T. And what is the matter but you would be a church of England man or a Scots presbyterian yourself Pady? P. Because it is natural for an Irishman, but had shaint Patrick been a presbyterian I had been the same. T. And for what reason would you be a presbyterian then Pady; P. Because they eat flesh in lent and every thing that is lovely for the belly. T. What pady are you such a lover of flesh that you would change your profession for it. P. O yes, that's what I do, I love flesh of its kinds sheeps beef, swines mutton, hares flesh, and hens venison; but hur religion is one of the hungriest in the world, oh but it makes my teeth to weep, and my belly to water, when I see the Scots church man and English presbyterians in the time of lent, feeding upon bulls bastards, and sheeps young children. T. Why Pady do you say the bull gets bastards? P. Arra dear shoy, I never saw the cow and her husband all the days of my life, yet before I way born, going to the church to be married, and what can his sons and daughters be but bastards? T. O Pady Pady, the cow is a cow and so are you; but what reward will you get when you are dead, for punishing your belly so while you are alive? P. By shaint Patrick I will live like a king when I am dead, for I will neither pay for meat nor drink. T. What Pady, do you think that you are to come alive again, after you are dead? P. Yes, we that is true Roman Catholics, will live long after we are dead; when we die in love with the priest, and the good shaints of our profession. T. And what assurance can your priest give you of that? P. Arra dear shoy our priest is a great shaint and a good shoul, he also can repeat a pater noster and ave maria; which will fright the very horned devil hurself; and make old nick to run for it until he be like to fall & brake

his neck. T. And what does he give you when you are dying, that makes you come alive again? P. Why he writes a letter on our tongue sealed with a wafter, gives us a sacrament in our mouths, with a pardon and direction in our right hand who to call for at the ports of purgatory. T. And what entertainment will you get when you are in? P. O my dear we are all kept there until a general review which is commonly once in the week, and then they are drawn up like so many young recruits, and all the black guard scoundrals piked out of the ranks, and the one half of them sent away to the Elysian fields to carry the weeds from among the potatoes; the other half of them to the river Styx to catch fishes for shaint Patrick's table; and of them that is owing the priest any money, is put in the black hole and then given into the hands of a great kirk bitch of a devil, which they keep for a hangman, who whips them up and down the smocky dungeon, every morning for six months, then holds their bare back side to a great fire, until their hips be all in one blister; and after all sent away to the parish of Pigtrantrum, where they'll get nothing to eat but cold sowens, bargew and butter milk. T. And where does your good people go who are seperated from the bad? P. And where would you have them to go, but into shaint Patrick's palace, and then they may go down the back stairs into the garden of Eden, now called paradise, ah, my dear shoy this is the real fundamental truths of our Romish religion, and deep doctrine it is, but you English presbyterians and Scots high church men, will not believe it, and by shaint Patrick neither can I, until I see more of it to come to pass. T. And what business do you follow after at present? P. Arra dear shoy, I am a mountain sailor; and my supplication is as follows:

PADY'S HUMBLE PETITION: or Supplication.

GOOD Christian people behold me, a man who has com'd thro' a world of wonders, a hell full of hardships, dangers by sea, and dangers by land, and yet I am alive. O! see, see, my hand crooked like a foles foot, and it is no wonder at all considering my sufferings and sorrows: Oh, oh, oh, good people I was a man in my time, who had plenty of the gold, plenty of the silver, plenty of the cloaths, plenty of the butter, the beer, the beef and biskake; and now, now, I have nothing; being taken by the Turks, and relieved by the Spainards, lay fifty six days at the siege of Gibraltar, got nothing to eat but sea wreck and raw mussels, then put to sea for our safety, cast upon the Barbarian coast amongst the woeful wicked Algerines, where we was taken and tied with tugs and tedderes, horse docks, and cow chains, then cut and castrate yards and testicles quite away, if you wont believe put in your hand and feel, how every female is made smooth by the shear bone, where nothing is to be seen but what is natural: Then made our escape to the desert wilde wilderness of Arabia where we lived amongst the wild Asses, upon wind sand, and saples ling. Afterwards put to sea, in the hull of an old house; where we was tossed abpve and below the clouds, being driven thro' thickets and groves, by fierce, furious, coarse, calm, and contrary winds; at last being cast away upon Salisbury plain, where our vessel was dashed to pieces against a cabbage stock. And now my humble petition to you good Christian people is: for one hundred of your butter, one hundred of your beef, another of your cheefe; a cask of your biskake, a tun of your beer, a keg of your rum, with a pipe of your wine, a lump of your gold, a piece of your silver, with a few of your half pence or farthings, a waught of butter milk, a pair of your old breeches, stockings or shoes, or even a chew of tobacco for charity's sake.



PADY'S CREED FOR ROMISH BELIEVERS.

I Believe the Pope of Rome, to be the right heir and true successor of father Peter the Apostle; and that he hath a power above the kings of the world; which is spiritual and temporal: Endued with a communication from beyond the grave, can and bring up any departed shoul (that is to say or a Devil in its stead) he pleases, even as the woman of Endor brought up Samuel to Saul; by the same power he can be assisted by the enchantment of old Manassey a king in Israel, I believe also in the Romish priests, that they are very civil chaste shentlemen, keeps no wives of their own, but partakes a little of other men's when in secret confession. I acknowledge the worshiping of images and relicts of shaints departed to be very just; but if they hear and do not help us, they are but a parcel of ungrateful wretches.



The PLOWMAN'S GLORY? or, FOM'S SONG.

AS I was a walking one morning in the spring,
 I heard a young plowman so sweetly did sing,
 And as he was singing these words he did say,
 No life is like a plowman's in the month of May,
 The Lark in the morning rises from her nest,
 And mounts in the air with the dew on her breast,
 And with the jolly plowman she'll whistle & she'll sing
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again.
 If you walk in the fields any pleasure to find,
 You may see what the plowman enjoyt in his mind,
 There the corn he sows grows, & the flowers do spring
 And the plowman's as happy as a prince or a king.

When his days work is done that he has to do,
 Perhaps to some country walk he will go,
 There with a sweet lass he will dance and sing,
 And at night return with his lass back again.

And as they return from the walk in the town,
 When the meadows are mow'd & the grass is cut down
 If they chance for to tumble among the green hay,
 Its kiss me now or never the damsel will say.

Then he rises next morning to follow his team;
 Like a jolly plowman so neat and so trim;
 If he kiss a pretty girl he will make her his wife,
 And she loves her dear plowman as she does her life

Come Molly and Dolly lets away to the wake,
 There the plow boys will treat us with beerale & cake
 And if in coming home they should gain their ends,
 Ne'er fear but the'll marry us, or make us amends,

There's Molly and Dolly, Nell and Sue, (too,
 There's Ralph, John and Willy, and young Tommy
 Each lad takes his lass to the wake or the fair,
 Adzooks they look rarely, I vow and declare.

